

SWIMMING---RACING---AVIATION AND REGATTA SPORTS

HONOLULU GIRL WINS RACE FROM CALIFORNIA'S CHAMPION

Swimming Contest Takes Place Before Immense Crowd and Miss Stacker Makes Fast Time for Thirty Yards.

California's champion woman swimmer was humbled in the water of Honolulu channel yesterday noon when an Island girl took the honors from her in a thirty-yard race. Miss Ruth Wayson Stacker, a more slip of a girl, defeated Mrs. Terie Desch, the champion of the Pacific Coast, the time being 17 1/5 seconds as against 20 seconds for the Coast champion.

The result of the race was a surprise to the mass of people who were fortunate in witnessing the struggle, although not much of a surprise to the friends of Miss Stacker, and particularly her trainers, the members of the Hui Nalu Club, which has already turned out the champion swimmer of the world in the person of Duke Kahanamoku. It was the more surprising because Mrs. Desch is a trained swimmer, a woman of mature build, while Miss Stacker is still but a girl in her teens and lacked the mature physical development of her competitor.

It was a splendid race and one of the most exciting events of the day was shown.

Mrs. Desch has a fine record on the Pacific Coast and won her laurels in many a hard fought battle with other experts of her sex. Clad in a single swimming garment Mrs. Desch was a splendid figure as she stood upon the float and waited for the signal to start. The slender girl who stood beside her was all activity as she also waited for the same signal. Upon the float with them were Mr. Friesel, the announcer,

and Ernest Kopke, a former champion swimmer of Honolulu, as starter.

The Race Itself.

Mrs. Desch and Miss Stacker made the plunge together, coming up almost instantly. Miss Stacker just a shade ahead in getting to the surface. Miss Stacker used the crawl stroke, while Mrs. Desch employed the double overhand. For the first three strokes, the swimmers were even, and then the Island girl began to forge ahead. From the moment she struck the water until she passed under the wire Miss Stacker raised her head out of water but once to breathe. Mrs. Desch raised her head but once and then she was fully a length behind Miss Stacker. When Mrs. Desch passed under the wire and stopped stroking she was a few feet away from Miss Stacker. She swam over to the winner of the race and shook hands heartily and congratulated her, and then swam with long even strokes out to the yacht Charlotte C, where she was hauled aboard and covered with a sweater.

Miss Stacker was picked out of the water by the Hui Nalu canoe boys, who had also asked for the honor of taking her from the boathouse to the float.

Wins by Hard Work.

Dan Koaewannahi was Ruth Stacker's first trainer. On entering the customs service recently he had no further time to devote to his pupil, when Curtis Hus-tace and Newt Cottrell took up the work a few days ago and finished their lessons in a manner that made the Hui Nalu club feel certain that she would be victorious.

The champion and her friends yesterday expressed their appreciation of the

honors in offering the use of their boathouse to Mrs. Desch and Miss Stacker. Without the convenience of the place the girls would have been at a disadvantage.

When the race was finished it was announced that the time was 18 seconds flat. It was stated afterwards that a careful taking of the time made it 17 1/5 seconds. Eighteen seconds is a little over Miss Stacker's best time in trials, and it was thought that in yesterday's race she had at least equalled her tryouts.

Mrs. Desch Dives.

Following the race, and after resting for some time, Mrs. Desch gave an exhibition of fancy diving off the Myrtle boathouse platform, which was a revelation to the spectators. Her work showed her to be thoroughly at home in the water and no feat appeared to be too difficult for her to do. She is a graceful and prepossessing young woman and her efforts were greeted with long applause.

HE DID NOT FLY, BUT TRIED HARD

Japanese Aviator Fails to Get Off the Ground—Crowd Is Disappointed.

"Too much Johnson" was one cause of the failure of Professor Doi, the Japanese aviator, to rise from the ground at Kapiolani Park yesterday afternoon, and another cause equally exasperating to the eight thousand people massed in the park was his lack of an engine with power sufficient to give enough revolutions per minute to carry the biplane off terra firma. Whatever the cause, the much-advertised flight of the only Japanese aviator was a dismal failure and the machine, partially wrecked and held together in parts with yards of strong wire, rested under a tent in the park, guarded by the owner and maker, there to be dismantled and sent on to Japan.

Professor Doi says he made a flight in California with the same biplane and engine and rose 700 feet. He says the engine caused the propeller to make enough revolutions to change the machine into an artificial bird. He says also that at no time yesterday did the engine respond properly and at no time were there sufficient revolutions to cause the machine to do anything but skate along the turf. The only time it rose was when it bumped over a gully.

The first attempt for a flight was made along the race course in front of the grandstand. At the conclusion of the machine's swift run down the hardened road it turned and swung into the crowd of people massed against the police ropes, coming to a sudden stop when the front wood guys attached to the lifting plane struck the radiator of a Hymobile auto in which Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lyon were seated.

The auto withstood the shock but the biplane suffered. There was a scraping of piano wires and a crashing of wood and when the machine was drawn back it looked hopeless. So did the aviator, but he gave orders and immediately a number of workmen set to work to repair damages and announcements were made that in half an hour he would again attempt to fly.

Several attempts were made, the last ending in a dramatic collapse of the propeller which split into several pieces and flew over the heads of a crowd, luckily without injuring any one. With a last sad smile the professor viewed the wreckage, dropped his hands at his sides and then looked dubiously at Chaffeur Johnson, whom he blamed to a large extent for his failure. Johnson, on the other hand, attempted to show that the professor had done something with the machinery which he shouldn't have done and that was all there was to it. The propeller had just gone pout! and Doi alone was to blame.

Crowds Wait and Wait.

At two o'clock yesterday afternoon the grandstand was partially filled with spectators. It looked like a gathering at an international meet with Japanese predominating. The side of the race course was massed with people, while dozens of autos found convenient places to line up. It is estimated that the promise of an air flight brought seven to eight thousand people to the park. By three o'clock the park had an immense assemblage.

The aluminum-painted biplane stood upon the roadway in front of the grandstand. The professor and assistants fastened piano wire guys, cleaned the engine, tightened screws here and secured wires there, and fussed about a whole lot. Finally the professor ordered several men to hold the machine and the propeller was given a turn.

With a whir it revolved rapidly, but it was plain it was not revolving as rapidly as did the propeller on Bud Murs' machine. The professor was not satisfied. He did something to the machinery and tried again. The result was no better. Several white machinists were on hand to give advice about the engine, and then the irrepressible Johnson batted in.

He told the aviator that his engine was too light. It wouldn't make his machine fly, and he didn't believe the aviator had ever flown, anyway. Without asking for leave, Johnson began tinkering with the machine. He removed cups and caps and screwed this and loosened that, let gasoline drip out and put more oil in and did a heap of talking.

Kills Engine Only.

Any one who thought he knew something about aviation, even though he had never seen a biplane in flight, had some advice to give. At last the professor mounted the seat, set the machinery whirling and gave a signal to release the machine. Down the roadway it went, gradually veering in toward the grandstand. The crowd massed behind the ropes saw that it was coming their way and began to fade away. The professor killed his engine. The machine slewed around and swung into the crowd, but the little Hup was there and stopped further damage. No one was hurt.

Then an hour was used in fixing up the broken parts of the machine, while Johnson took the engine apart and put it together again, offering to take \$20 to put the engine in condition to "go," and doing more talking. Doi seemed helpless under the advice of the big chauffeur. Then the machine was taken off the roadway to the grassed-over section, and was let loose again. It sped over the turf and again stopped. Not an inch had it gone above the ground.

Another attempt was made and that too was a failure. Here again Johnson enters. He screwed up the cap near the propeller against the wish of the aviator. He said that it would mean a back fire and the propeller would break. "What if it does back-fire once or twice?" said Johnson. "Let it go." Not satisfied, the professor started the propeller, and after a few revolutions it flew into several pieces and dropped over the heads of the crowd, the only parts of the machine that had risen in the air during the day.

The police kept the curious crowds away from the machine, and while a number asked for their money back, the remainder of the crowd good-naturedly took the situation as it was and sought the cars and went home. They had spent the afternoon looking at something and all were not dissatisfied. There were some cries of fake, but it is believed Professor Doi made an earnest effort to make a flight. He failed and that is all there is to it. Many others have failed.

Story of the Races

(Continued from Page Two.)

Fine and Lanakila also rowed but history does not disclose how they finished. Lei Ilima was withdrawn before the race started.

Four-Paddle Canoe for Women.

Prizes—First, \$10 trophy; second, \$5 trophy. Course from Buoy No. 10 to judges' boat. Same entries as in previous race. The ladies broke no records but finished in good time without much talking, which was strange. Kannaia-puni and Good Times finished respectively first and second.

Junior Sliding Seat Pair-Oar.

Prize, \$15 trophy. Course, from Buoy No. 10 to judges' boat.

Entries—Rogers' boat, by Healan club; Walker's boat, by Myrtles.

The Healanis again captured this race from the Myrtles, winning by about a length. Time, 1 minute and 30 1/2 seconds. Last year's time was 1 minute and 59 seconds.

Four-Paddle Canoe.

Prizes—First, \$15 trophy; second, \$5 trophy. Course—Buoy No. 8 to judges' boat.

THE FATHER OF REGATTA DAY



HON. A. G. M. ROBERTSON, "Father of Regatta Day."

It was through the influence of Hon. A. G. M. Robertson, now chief justice of the supreme court of the Territory, that Regatta Day was established as an annual public holiday. The suggestion was first made by him at a smoker given at the Healan boathouse on May 16, 1896, and it was enthusiastically endorsed by the members of the Healan and Myrtle clubs there present.

As a member of the legislature which was in session at that time, Judge Robertson secured the passage of the law which sets aside the third Saturday in September as Regatta Day.

Judge Robertson was an interested spectator yesterday at the races and so were Judge S. B. Dole and General Macomb.

Entries—Aa and Lio Keokeo, both by Hui Nalu; won by Aa by about a foot and a half. No time taken.

This practically concluded the day's program, though there were Pearl and Wren races and a sailing canoe race as well as several Japanese power sampan races scheduled for the afternoon, but as some of the entries were not located in time, this part of the program was lost in the shuffle and no record of what really happened could be obtained up to a late hour last night.

WHOOPIING COUGH.

It is in diseases like whooping cough that the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy are most appreciated. It quiets the tough mucus and aids expectoration. It also renders the fits of coughing less frequent and less severe depriving the disease of all dangerous consequences. For sale by all dealers, Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

"AZO OINTMENT" is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.—Made by PARIS MEDICINE CO., Saint Louis, Mo. U. S. A.



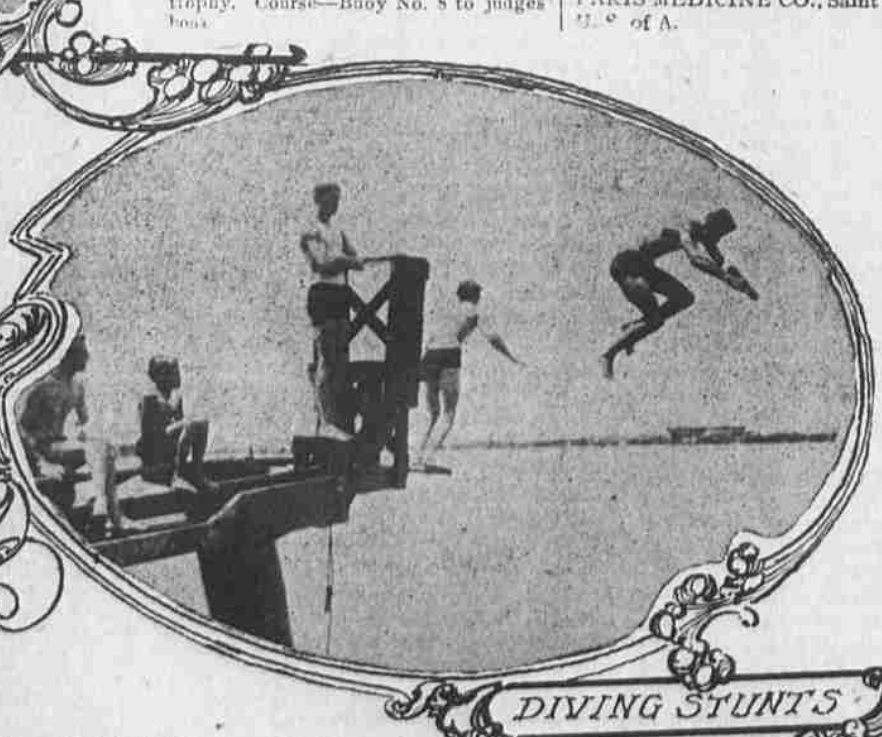
MYRTLE SENIORS PAIR OAR



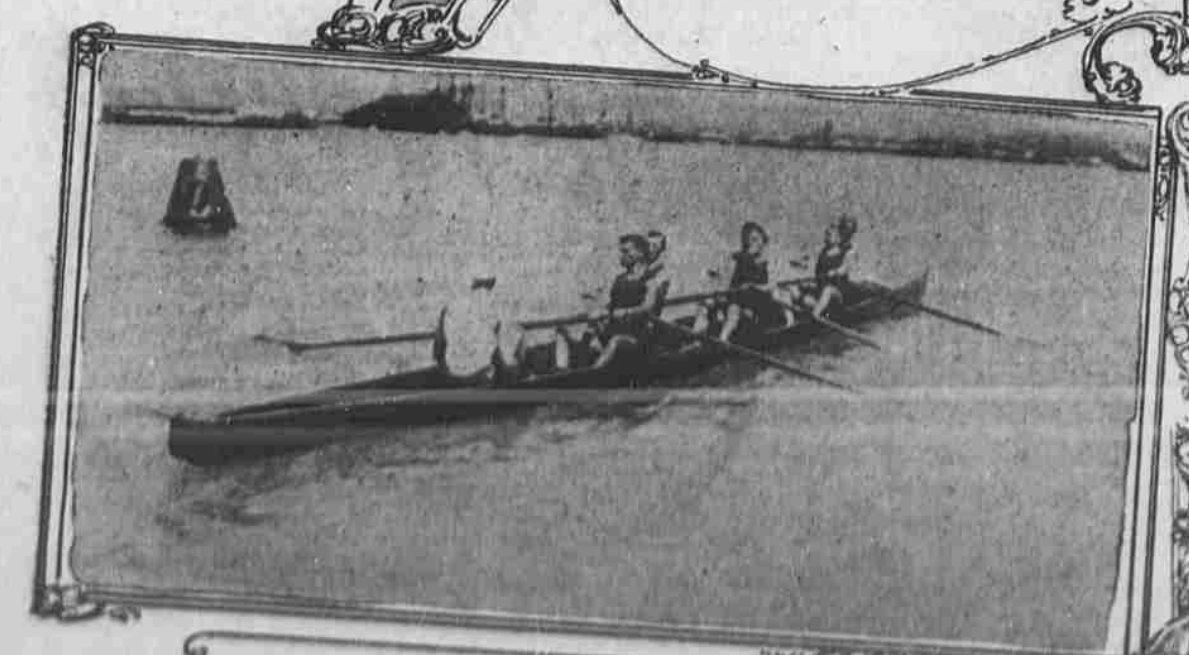
MYRTLE SENIORS GREW



MRS. DESCH



DIVING STUNTS



MYRTLE FRESHMEN CREW



PUUNENE SENIOR GREW